A Tragical SONG:
OR,
Mr. Wil. Montfort,
The Famous Actor Unfortunately Kill'd.

Tune of *Mary Live Long.*

GOod People draw near,
And hear my ſad Ditty
With Hearts full of Pity,
This Tragical Year
Is bloudy indeed:
Some they fairly do fight,
Others ſtab'd in the Night,
as they do go home,
Brave *Montfort* the Player,
Brave *Montfort* the Player,
He lately was one.

His Name ſtill will laſt
In Court Town or Country,
By Cits, or the Gentry,
Till Ages are paſt
For Acts on the Stage;
For in playing a Part,
He excells the fam'd *Hart*,
Or *Moon* that's dead too,
Nay, no one thats living,
Nay, no one thats living,
Can *Montfort* out-do.

His Carriage was ſuch,
In all Converſation,
To be free from Paſſion,
And never thought much
To oblige any one;
From a Lord to a Cit,
He was free with his Wit,
And Courteous withal:
But now alas Killing,
But now alas Killing,
Is us'd all in all.

Each one does lament
His death, ſince it's ſhortn'd
By bloudy misfortune,
And cries out amain
Poor *Montfort* is gone,
It is all o're the Town,
Was the like ever known,
To uſe a man ſo,
When coming to's Lodging,
When coming to's Lodging,
He ſhould be run through.

O cruel hard Fate,
Since *Murders* in faſhion,
With the Engliſh Nation,
That men cannot eſcape,
Being kill'd by the Sword;
One can hardly paſs by,
But another does cry,
Lets kill the next man.
Some never will leave it,
Some never will leave it,
Untill they be hang'd.

Here's *Montfort* of late,
Tho young and beloved,
How ſoon Life is moved,
When malice or hate
Shall once reſolve Death,
As he went without Light,
He was run *thro* that Night,
And dy'd the next day;
So he thats *Moon*-blinded,
So he thats *Moon* blinded
May ſoon loſe his way.

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